

A COPY of VERSES presented

To all my VVorthy Masters and Mistresses in the Parish of *Lambeth*.

By **ANDREW MAXSEY** Belman.

The PROLOGUE.

What dangers of the night do then pursue
Behold here comes your Servant Andrew
And now methinks it doth some senses ravish
To hear me ring my Bell in Lambeth Parish.

From South Lambeth to Fox Hall I do go
And through the town kind Sirs you all do know,
Where oftentimes I try your doors with knocks
In hopes you'll not forget my Chime and Note.

For Christmas-Day.

He Son of God and supream King of Kings
Doth teach us to despise all worldly things,
To bend our minds to things supernal
By things transitory, and seek eternal,
Whereby to inherit his Kingdome of Salvation
Which is the only end of our Creation.

For St. Stephens Day.

Steven was a man to be bemoan'd
For Preaching of God's word the Jews him ston'd,
And therewithal bereav'd him of his life
That never was indicted unto strife,
We pray'd his Enemies all might be forgiven
And now remains a blessed Saint in Heaven.

For St. John's day.

Awake kind sirs, this morning think upon
The Holy Evangelist named Saint John,
Who writ of Christ our Lord's Devinity
For the good benefit of our posterity.
They thanks to God that did so gracious prove
To send his only Son our sins for to remove.

On man's Life, Psalm 39.

Man's life it is compared to a span,
So frail and weak is every man;
We are here to day and gone to morrow
And all our dayes are full of sorrow,
Therefore let us make God our friend
That well may be in time our latter end.

October 29.

This day the Lord Mayor's show is to be seen
Both Men and Paggins are clothed all in green,
The King and Queen attend upon his honour
And Marshal train will be their Banner,
Creating the Lord Mayor as his Aldermen pass by
And so to Guild Hall they ride triumphantly.



Suppose each ringing Knell puts thee in mind
Take heed that dearh thee unprepared not find
For thou art in the way unto the Grave,
But so in all thy life thy self behave
As if you were the man whose turn is next
And wouldst not with a sudden death be vext

November 17.

The first Queen that did rule this famous Land
Did Tyrannize with a high ruling Command
Elizabeth that renowned and famous Queen
God's Gospel in her life she did bravely maintain
And kept her subjects all both safe and sound
Therefore still let her honour be renown'd.

The EPILOGUE.

Thanks noble Masters kind that you me give
I hope thereby your dearest souls may live
That when you dye your souls return to rest
To live with Saints and Angels always blest!

Returning thanks to Masters and Mistresses all
And through the Town and Path I call
For all grand Rogues and Thieves I do beseech
And rather than to see you wrong'd let dye.

On Postality.

Man that dye you must
Returned to the dust
Where nothing there shall you bereave
No enemy neither Moth nor Thief
Therefore repent while time you have
There is no Repentance in the Grave.

A welcome home for Seamen.

Welcome kind sir, now lately come a shore
And the dangers of the Seas you have passed o're
Now you are come unto your dwelling place
The Lord preserve you with his aiding grace,
God bless you now and keep you from sorrow
Your Belman bids you heartily good morrow.

On God's power.

The God of Power preserve us all
And send us grace on him to call
To pardon sin which now is past
That so we may have joy at last
In Heaven, where nothing else shall be
But continually joy and felicity.

On the Weather.

What weather next can we desire to have
We wanted Frost and Frost to us God gave,
And having frost we seem'd not to be content
We wanted Snow and snow to us God sent,
Out of the South he caus'd the winds to blow
Dissolv'd the frost and quite consum'd the Snow.

The Belman's Carr.

Kind sirs my duty I am free to do
And it is in hopes thereby to please you
Walking about and ringing of this my Bell
And finding that all things are safe and well
Then turn again to rest and soundly sleep
And God I hope will you in safety keep.

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